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And Chronicle

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Original Poetry.

I'VE LOOK'D MY LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

I've look'd my last, my love, and now
Why should I dwell to sad,
To brush that hope-beam from thy brow
Which from my own has fled?
The little that the world bestows
Is counted all in vain,
To give the glance of hearts woes
One passing ray of bliss.

For then last hoped when fever hued
And a form guarded beauty
Bosom'd what gifts it might command,
And bright, and sun-like eye strong.
All gentle struggles faintly tried,
When loss time seared as set,
To keep time ever at my side
My mem'ry in thy heart.

I knew it wrong, yet dared the crime
Be instant to my bosom,
Where heart was pouring from its clime
Of hopeless love and sorrow.
And vain, yet who can joy shall shun,
Though stain'd but to range
Or turn from the merciless sun
In dread of his decline?

For thee, in all my wandering wild,
Through which inherited way
Of all that hoard and all that smiled
About thine to-day!

Though best forever! Treasured dreams
Of days on earthly pass,
Have I but rear'd on your tomes
To find your night at last!

And all your hopes on garment's spar—
Where death could not destroy;
To feel her poison in that cup
Replenish'd in my joy!

Oh loveliest! now that thou art lost,
Remember still that never
For me bosom when trouble hard
To kneel to, as to thee!

Which that has read Schiller's Don Carlos, does not remember the wonderful passage in which Posa, in his last message to his friend entreats him "*to become the dreamer of his youth?*" All young and ardent minds are dreamers with regard to their future visions which few can ever see realized. "Circumstance, that unquietest God" cramps all their efforts, and it last wrested with the vain attempt, they resign themselves to see their dreams—"the sun-

And fade into the light of common day."

But though they may not hope to fulfil them, let them never regard them with derision and contempt, but entertain as part of their better nature. Let us cherish them until in a higher state of existence those aspirations may be realized.

Among the dreamers, young men who were constant visitors at Mrs. Grant's, were several others who were disposed to become suitors for the hand of the beautiful Miss Ellen Grant, which the General unalterably discouraged their attentions, when they became serious, and endeavored to influence her against them by every argument in his power. Her position was, however, superlative, as she had never yet seen any one who realized the ideal, which like all girls, she cherished in the recesses of her heart.

The gay Winter and Spring being over—the Summer was spent at a fashionable watering place—and the pages of the city fashionable chronicle were filled with "letters from correspondents," containing notices of the beautiful Miss E***a H****d. She knew not the false guide created of which she was beginning to live, although she knew not where else to turn for that exalte tent which had become almost necessary to her.

Richard Grant, the eldest son, who had been for three years absent in Europe, was expected to return in the following Winter. This young man had been long regarded by his parents as the future husband of Miss Howard, and the possessor of her fortune. He had been educated in their minds, that they were pleased with the idea. He had a beautiful, elegant, young person, he was her again, a beautiful, elegant, and accomplished man, with every quality as an old friend, and as his vanity was excessive, he believed he had nothing to do but to ask and obtain her hand.

At the time a gentleman was introduced to the family with whom Richard Grant had become acquainted abroad, and whose visits Mrs. Grant was anxious to secure as her daughter's account, as he was young, handsome and rich. Charles Stanton was possessed of a large fortune and an estate beautifully situated on which he principally resided. The possession of wealth, and had in its train the means of influence on his character. Though handsome, graceful and admired, he was modest and unassuming, and he regarded his fortune as entrusted to him not for self-indulgence, but as the means of benevolence and usefulness. On first meeting Ellen Howard in society, he was struck with the extreme simplicity of her dress, and form, and the animation of her countenance. His eleasure an introduction to her—insensibly they became engaged in conversation, and during the whole interview, their impressions were confirmed. The beauty and vivacity which had at first attracted him, he found united to a reflective cast of mind, and an intelligence which were the more charming from being at first veiled by diffidence. He soon discovered the motive of her position in the family, in all whose members she was so superior. He saw that the freshness of her heart was not formed. The Grants, though kind and indulgent, were not characters from whom she could expect much sympathy, was a source of pain to her, and that the whole heart of her young and elegant mind, was centered in her father, whose character she knew her parents had

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Accidental admissions sometimes depict the character of men more clearly than any formal declaration could do. For instance: the other day in member of the Congress of the United States, only in his second session, declared that he was sent by the people of the United States were to listen to those speeches, and hear those arguments, and that they were not to be answered. That is the way, therefore, or perhaps we should better style it a constitutional fiction, that speeches are made in Congress to convince members, and not to please the people. Or, to talk over the heads of the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House, to the people of the United States. In the former case, the orator calls holds, and gentlemen who are professedly speaking to legislative assemblies, are content to address fields for a far rather than Democratic county in one of the Southern Legislatures once honestly declared.

And if we go from legislative assemblies into the courts of law, the same thing is noticeable. The lawyers seem to a lot, good humored, jocular, and even facetious; but an eloquent counsellor is scattering the flowers of rhetoric, purely for the benefit of the learned gentlemen around him. The witness, who is slightly mind simply to meet the high standard of intellect which is indicated in the countenances of the jury. If he plays humorous, he generally finds that the absurd participant in government, they were not to be answered—not talking to the jury in the box, but to the audience outside the bar; and not merely to that audience, but to all men alive, as the next newspaper reports may carry his "learned and exceedingly able, eloquent and mervingly pointed, logical and unanswerable" speech to the remotest corners, in which store facts are beautifully adorned with classic poetical embellishments, and points, reasons, and arguments are presented in a manner so singularly beautiful, but methodically exact disposition-nearing down on the least, like the falls of Niagara, on the Canada side, turned into turbulence. Such is the closing door of her paternal mansion, it seemed to her, indeed, as if everywhere in nature the world guarded the portal against her entrance to the place which she had left behind her in her childhood.

The pride of the new husband was just too much for his situation. He was ambitious, not only to maintain his wife independently of her family, but to give her more than she could have had with her father's roof overwhelmed. He could easily have attained the former, and have met all her wishes in that respect; but his pride induced him to accept employment in a manner quiting ordinary comforts, and led him to resort to the most shameful silence of making no profit. He had before his marriage, suffered in the extremities of many unpreventable poverty, by his inexperience in the world, thinking young men, what to their other social qualities, were supposed to add that of confidence in the power of himself. He had assumed himself in that way with, persuaded by others, and by inexperience, to ruin the fortunes of his son, and without practicing them upon himself.

Time passed onward, and the young wife became a mother, and now, in the birth of her boy, a renewed bond of affection of her husband's heart, and the sweetest hopes of affections, certainly without other evil consequences. It had been of late years unfortunate. He had assumed himself from his home until a late hour at night, and had spent his money at the gaming tables. He had always been successful, but he had never drawn the successful game, with money enough to win enough to pay those debts—and he would not receive.

He hastened to the place, and passed at the last step of the door. "Why should I go in? The few hundred dollars which I own, I can soon save; and to him, knowing my poverty would be no protection to Ruby, would not think worse of my character, if I had not been successful. I will not return until I have to place myself within the chance of such danger again."

The resolution so excellent relieved his heart, and he turned with a lighter step to begin a career as before. It was then—too late.

He was within a few yards of him, as one of the officers of the institution in which he was to have a place of trust. To have turned from the door would be to expose himself, and he could not stand quite as he was. He entered, he played, and at midnight had won a few dollars. He "took and turned," and he followed up the luck," and daylight saw him possessed of more than the desired sum.

He left the gambling room a man of better resolutions than he had been, though he had always meant well. He thought of the pleasure in store, of the meal he would get to-day, and the delights he could give to his family.

The outer door of the house in which he lived was open. He stole quietly up the stairs, and gently lifted the latch of his room door. It was dark and still. The child, at length, moved. He felt that his wife had occasion to complain of his long absence, but the joy of his heart to make her understand the new resolution he had formed, and the means he now possessed of carrying it into effect. He called her by name—she did not answer. He felt that his fears multiplied more intensely. He called her again, but in vain. He then opened a window shutter, and the light of the morning poured in between the face of his infant. He went to the bed to awaken his wife. He laid his hand upon her arm and its icy chilliness struck to his heart. His throw himself upon the bed, and groaned in anguish. The crying of the child called some of the inmates of the house to the room.

The Coroner's aid was demanded over the dead body of the wife. The verdict of the jury was, "Died of the visitation of God." But one of the thought that distress had weakened her frame so much, that the anxiety and sorrow, the disappointment, suspicion, or the sense of other abandonment that might, had been too much. Her heart broke with its over fraught.

The pride of the injured father at length yielded. And with it the sense of his own guilt, and cruelty to his daughter.

Determined to meet her at once and make amends, he came just as the husband and child were about to be laid in the grave. He stood quietly by the side, and coldly lifted the latch of his room door. It was dark and still. The child, at length, moved. He felt that his wife had occasion to complain of his long absence, but the joy of his heart to make her understand the new resolution he had formed, and the means he now possessed of carrying it into effect. He called her by name—she did not answer. He felt that his fears multiplied more intensely. He called her again, but in vain. He then opened a window shutter, and the light of the morning poured in between the face of his infant. He went to the bed to awaken his wife. He laid his hand upon her arm and its icy chilliness struck to his heart. He thre

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Notices of New Works.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS. *Vol. I. Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this work is an Englishman and a Tory, and his conservatism, or rather his toryism, is almost as bad as despotism, and that the English constitution is—as Blackstone has it of the Englishman—incomparable. He is also a man of religious feelings; a writer whose style is full and mind impassioned; and engineer of much labor and research, and a historian who is sound and safe on all

Gems from the Poets.

HANNAH.

BY ROBERT SO-THEY.

Passing across a green and lonely lane
I saw a little girl, and she was not alone;
A sight of every day, as in the sense
Of ordinary life, but not to me.
Where they were bound, or whence they came, I know not;
Whether they were roaming to the gipsies, or
Had wandered from the village, I know not;
Though the long course of eighteen years has passed
Since I beheld that little girl, the hand of death
Commands me to remember her. Her name
Was Hannah, and she was a pretty child,
Of nine years old, or ten at the most, I think;
For I was then in the mid-land of my days,
And knew the value of years, and to be old
Was that most fashionable, that dazzling shade
Which, under the age next beyond me, I beheld
Over the rich the livery veil of death.
Hannah, she, it made no difference, died young;
I question if more, and better her memorial tale.
Has been chronicled, or sculptured in stone.
And he who should have chronicled her, he, as well
As the sculptor, is dead. Yet, as I said, the child
Never made a more lasting impression on me
Than many a man of note. She had in her
The energy of a mature mind, though she
Was under the land found on charity. Once we wrote,
Not only more that drop of sentiment
To mingle with her cup of wretchedness,
But when his portrait was presented him.
There was an instance of poorer judgment than him.
There was the only happy, free moment of her life.
Affection for her mother; and the child,
Without feeling perhaps her self-respect,
Showed it by no cold indifference. But she too
Had grown with the growth of all around her,
Finding her only comfort in the thought
That she was fed, and clothed, and housed,
When she had the care, in that her home was bad.
And all was new,—sickness and grief,
Want, and utter suffering, carried her captive.
Their work was done. The schoolboys as they spoke
Of the churchyard, for awhile might turn away
From the fresh grave till grass should cover it;
Because would do after other sights of woe.
What need upon the meadow but even I think
Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

Popular Lectures.

THE ATHENIAN INSTITUTE.

THE REV. DR. BETHUNE'S FOURTH LECTURE.

(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

The Moral Opinions of Aristotle—Lewes, Epicurus, and Others—Conclusion of the Course.

The learned lecturer commenced by stating that, on the innermost curve of the Gulf of Corinth (accurately Lisbon Bay) there existed a town, travellers would find a wretched village called Stanzas, a corruption from Stagirus or Stagira. There, according to the strong city of a modern poet, who with patriotic devotion though unhappy fortune, struggled against the encroachments of Greece, the soil was a spoil of Persia being past, that perfidious republic turned her force upon her allies; and subsequently, notwithstanding the most valiant defence, their walls were razed to the ground by the armies of Philip. The names of those martyrs for their country's freedom, of whom the Spartan was one, had perished from them the memory of man. Their grand examples were lost in the obscurities of time. Yet a mention of the Stagirite came up on the soul like a spell of power. It was the name of one who for two decades of centuries after he had died sat exile on the throne of the Empire, had swayed the mighty empire over human thought, ever granted to unimpaired man Stagira was raised with greater magnificence than before, and her assigned people received the freedom of Athens. Nor was it the proudest festival of their year, the commemorative hymns of the citizens declared their gratitude for a second benefit done not to the vested but the pen, not in value in arms—for if Chalcydice sank before Philip, how could she the against his genius on?) but by a patriotic philosopher, whose teachings ruled the latter impulses of that young Macedonian, who died in his blood year Conqueror of the World. The name of Aristotle of Alexander awaited but the stroke of death to paralyse the arm that wielded the battle-axe as his sceptre over their senseless clay, to scatter to the winds empires of fragments. The mind of Aristotle survived in his voluminous writings, to be acknowledged master over the mind of countless for from the evidence which the then known world. Neither language nor religion were barriers to its onward sway. The same type that declares relics of Babylonian and other schools of Athens and Rome, guided with the same precision the Hebrew enquirer at Jerusalem, and the Egyptian at Alexandria. The Arabian poets, sophists, and the Christian Fathers, battled in their controversy with tactics studied from the book of the first Peripatetic; and when after the darkness of the following ages, learning began to revive in the West, the Aristotelian philosophy came with it, produced vigor from Collegium of Sorbonne, to take the chair of logic in every university in Europe.

Performance of the theory of other system, and Luther, alluding to the arguments of his opponents, was wont to say: "Had I not known Aristotle to have been a man, I should have pronounced him the devil." Bacon said: "Destroy the works of Aristotle, (the great modern fellows of Peripatetic argument), and I will destroy the schools of Rome." The logic of Aristotle is taught even now at Oxford; and Whately, from his Archiepiscopal height, therefore held in subject cast in the same ancient moulds as the banks of the Ilyssus. The fame of Aristotle stood sublime and indestructible as the snowy peaks that cast their shadows over his boyhood's home. When the name of Aristotle ceased to be a word of might, Mount Athos shall have crumbled in the frost of ages.

He studied under Plato, who used to say, when he marked the absence of his pupil from class and thoughtful lecture, "Aristotle is not in his place to-day." He was also termed the "Reader." Genius, ought as that given him, could never have made him what he was, and in, and of, himself, but for the slow labors of patient erudition. He was more than any, before he published a book or opened a school. Let our young men, who, at the first impulse of a storm, strike as yet, they needed the rester but once or twice a week, learn a lesson of modesty and prudence.

After referring to Aristotle's residence at the court of Hermias, Mitylene, and with Philip of Macedon whom he became the instructor of Alexander the Great, Philip thinking the gods, not so much that he had a son, as that Alexander was heir at the time of Aristotle's lecture course in the school of Athens. The pupil in the wars, his opening a school 323, B. C., and the grandeur of he Royal pupil in sending him observations and specimens of natural history and science, from the regions he conquered. The Academy being occupied by Xenocrates, he chose the Lyceum for his lations. This was no common grove, fountains and colleges, begun by Pisistratus and completed by Pericles. It was used to have been called "Lyceum" from a wonderful wolf-like form. Strange that through the freaks of etymology, a tongue beast should have given appellations to the halls of science! The dog-skull Greek of this day, is retired from the true race, fed like goats nearing the market-line of the Lyceum, unconscious of the fame of Socrates and the Stagirite. This was the place of and for end of the earth, seemed to listen to the rock of the Hymn as it gurgled out, in the process of sublime truth and high-wrought imagination, from the lips of men that have slept in dust for centuries more than 2000 years. Genius, like Zeus's thunder, bolters all it touches." From the centre of the school around the Lyceum, the school of Aristotle was called the Peripatetic. He divided his instructions into the Acroamatic, the more subtle or esoteric, which he taught to his morning class of more advanced acknowledged the esoteric, which he dispensed in the evening walk to a more popular audience; but he did not, like Pythagoras, adopt the quackery of the secret doctrine: though he used to say that philosophy must be discovered of God and the secrets of Being, he have spoken too openly, as if attacking the popular superstitions. Views for heaven, were to be taught in the open air, under the clear and temperate sky of Attica, amid lasting provoked the modes of trade, the mechanical occupations of the people, where, also, as he said, to save Athens from the guilt of being another martyrdom to that of Socrates, he fled to Chalcis, where he died in less than a year, which time he spent in trying to discover the cause of the remarkable tides in the Europus. The course of his learning commenced remote, or of having died at last, like the sister of his libertinism, though gravely endorsed by Pensilon in his brute book written for the Duke of Bourgogny, and which is full of errors, was to be rejected as scandalous fable. The moderns were by no means peculiar in their fondness for scandalizing them whose eminence excited their necessary envy. A fact ought not first from the learned to a